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Confirmation Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the following accounts have been filed in my office and will be presented at the next term of the Court for confirmation.

It is shown by the annual report of one of the largest mining companies in Colorado that since the organization of the company the average cost of producing \$1 in gold has been thirty seven cents.

It says much for the recuperative powers of St. Louis, Mo., when the fact is realized that already 8000 of the buildings blown down or damaged by the great tornado have already been either re-erected or repaired.

Massachusetts has established eighty-five free libraries since the public library commission was appointed in 1890.

Another idiotic exhibition of shooting backward with a rifle at a woman, the aim taken from a lookingshank, has proved fatal, this time at Berlin.

The London Chronicle calls attention to the remarkably low death rate in many of the model dwellings in that city.

An attempt is being made to galvanize into new life the medieval city of Bruges, Belgium, and to shake off the rust and dust of its long ages of quiet by converting it into a seaport.

The widening market for fruit and the action of the railroad companies in giving the growers facilities for reaching the market in the great centers of population have led to more serious attention being given to horticulture in many parts of the country.

In exploiting its resources Kansas is now directing attention to its mineral deposits and their possibilities. It produces coal, building stone, zinc, salt, gypsum, oil, gas, cement, mineral water and clay.

The system of vertical handwriting adopted by the school boards of many of the larger cities is held to have scored a triumph in Boston already in turning out pupils who write rapidly and legibly.

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

If any little word of ours May make a life brighter; If any little song of ours Can make one heart lighter; God help us speak that little word And take our bit of singing, And drop it in some lonely vale To set the echoes ringing.

THE STRIKE OF TILLIE SLATER.



ILLIE SLATER often said she was working her fingers to the bone, but nobody seemed to care.

Tillie's sister Alice was the "fashionable" dressmaker in Roseberry row, and Tillie was her assistant.

There were a good many times when Tillie worked herself into the belief that she was a martyr. Then she secretly rebelled against the hardness of her lot.

"It's a downright shame," she cried out, bitterly, when Alice brought the little fellow home with her from the funeral and announced her intention of keeping him.

"I don't know," said Tillie, stiffly. "I suppose you can put him in an asylum or an institution. That is where other babies go when their fathers and mothers die."

"Why don't you kiss the baby, dear?" said Alice, as she began to set the table. "Don't act that way. Poor little thing, he has been so lonesome yesterday and to-day without his mother."

"What's the matter?" repeated Alice.

"He's lost, or stolen or something," said Tillie. "I had him on a bench close to the lake, and I just went down to the edge of the water for a few minutes, and when I went back he was gone."

"Somebody's stolen him," said Geoffrey. Alice was weeping piteously. "Did you speak to a policeman, Tillie?" she asked.

"N-o-o," faltered Tillie. "I didn't think about it." Within an hour's time a description of the lost child had been sent to every police station in town.

"Hiram Stewart, Hiram Stewart, I hate you," she said one day in a low, tense voice that fairly frightened her when she realized what a terrible state of mind such a tone must express.

"Do you know what you have done to me, Hiram Stewart?" she went on. "You've made me work my fingers to the bone." Tillie could not forbear using her favorite expression, in spite of the fact that she had been doing comparatively little since his coming.

"On the afternoon of June 25 an old man who was resting in the shadow of a clump of bushes in Lincoln park heard a little girl saying some very cruel things to a baby."

"The old man took him home. He soon learned, through the newspapers, to whom the child belonged. He made a trip to Roseberry row and told the little girl's brother and sister a few things, and they decided it would be well to bring the little girl to her senses."

"I've found him, Alice," she said, simply. "You know all about it. I'm sorry. The strike is over, Alice, and if you don't let me work my fingers to the bone now, I'll never forgive you."—Chicago Record.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

What the Sun Said—An Invariable Beauty. Her A Dissenting Opinion—Stuck to His Gun—Miss Remond's Blot in the Ladies—The Social Side, Etc.

An Invariable Beauty. "I suppose she has enough to make her pretty the rest of her days."—Detroit Journal.

A Dissenting Opinion. "Prince Constantine hasn't shown much ability." "Well, I don't know. When he had to retreat he knew enough to start early and avoid the rush."—Truth.

What Remains. "Irate Citizen (to scorchers)—'Hi, there! Have pedestrians no rights in this city?'" "Scorchers (whizzing by)—'Certainly have—funeral rites.'"—Brooklyn Life.

Stuck in His Crop. "Summer Boarder—'Is this farm of yours very fertile?'" "Kansas Farmer—'Not very. I tried to raise a mortgage on it last year and made a failure.'"—Columbus State Journal.

A Hint to the Ladies. "I think a woman should always allow some one else to choose her husband." "What is your reason?" "So she won't have to blame herself if he doesn't turn out well."—Chicago Record.

The Social Side. "That Binks youngster is the most indefatigable Sunday-school worker I ever saw." "Sunday-school worker?" "Yes; he has been to seven church picnics already this year."—Chicago Record.

An Accommodating Partner. "Lady (during dance)—'Mon Dieu! I have lost my hairpins, and now my hair is going to fall down over my shoulders.'" "Partner—'Never mind; I shall be glad to pick it up for you.'"—Le Monde Comique.

Why, Indeed? "Little Knut—'Mamma, didn't the missionary say that the people in Tambo-Tamba don't wear any clothes?'" "Mother—'Yes; that's what he said.'" "Knut—'Then why did papa drop a button in the plate?'"—Christiania Vikings.

Masses and Classes. "Teacher—'How many divisions of mankind are there?'" "Bobby—'My paw says it is divided into the people who earn a living without getting it and those who get a living without earning it.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Compromise. "I tell you, Dick, there is nothing like knowing how to manage a wife. My wife wanted to go to the mountains and I wanted to go to the seashore." "How did it come out?" "Oh, compromised." "On what?" "On the mountains."—Harper's Weekly.

The Worm That Turned. "Lady (after going over the whole stock of blankets)—'You needn't show me any more. I only came in to look for a friend with whom I had an appointment here.'" "Perspiring Shopman (politely)—'If you think your friend is among the blankets, madam, I shall be happy to go over them again for you.'"—Tit-Bits.

The One Exception. "Yes," said the new arrival, "I am greatly surprised—greatly surprised, indeed. I had expected to find things very different from what they are." "Why?" exclaimed several of the girls in chorus, "don't the hotel and its surroundings look as they were pictured in the circular you received?" "They do. That's what surprises me."—Cleveland Leader.

First American Novel. The first novel ever published in America was entitled "The Power of Sympathy," printed at Boston by Isaiah H. Tilton in 1789. The title page says it was "founded in truth," and gives the name of the author as "Phyllis," which was the name de plume of Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton, wife of Perez Morton, a banker and lawyer of Boston, and one of the most eminent men in New England in those days.

The Fatted States in Africa. In all Africa, the United States is represented by only seven paid consular officers, viz.: Cairo, Cape Town, Madeira, Mozambique, Tananarive and Zanzibar—many other places being filled nominally by officers who are paid out of their fees, which may be said, in many cases, to be no pay at all.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The small British torpedo boat Turbina attained a speed of thirty-three knots an hour near Spithead, England.

In England and Wales the death-rate from typhoid fever has declined from 27.7 per million in 1876-80 to 132 in 1891-94.

A large Dussaud microphonograph, now being constructed for the Paris Exhibition of 1900, is expected to make the voice heard by 10,000 people.

A medical authority asserts that death caused by a fall from a great height is absolutely painless. The mind acts very rapidly for a time, then unconsciousness ensues.

There are about one hundred grains of iron in the average human body, and yet so important is this exceedingly small quantity, that its diminution is attended with very serious results.

At present it is estimated that there are in the world's oceans 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt, and the most astonishing thing about it is that if all this salt could be taken out in a moment the level of the water would not drop.

Professor Dubard, of Dijon, contributes to the Province Medicale an article showing that tuberculous disease occurs in cold-blooded animals, fishes (carps) and frogs, and can be communicated to these animals experimentally.

The United States Government has been invited to participate in an international conference to be held in Berlin from October 11 to 16, to discuss the leprosy question.

The Schenectady (N. Y.) Locomotive Works has received an order from Japan for twelve passenger locomotives for the Kinsui Railway Company.

The engines are to be of the American type, with cylinders sixteen inches in diameter and twenty-four inches stroke. This order is said to be the first of a series which will be placed in this country.

Nature provides a series of hooks on the front edge of the hind wings of insects, each hook fitting into a groove on the hind edge of a front wing.

The front and hind wings are thus fastened together on each side while the insect is flying, and are unfastened at other times. This explains why you have occasionally noticed one of the species flying, apparently with two wings, and have seen him display four upon alighting.

This arrangement is extremely convenient for such little creatures as the honey bee, which has to enter small holes, where a large expanse of wing would be useless.

President Pierce's Presence of Mind. In the course of some reminiscences of President Franklin Pierce, G. M. McConnell tells this story in the Chicago Times-Herald: Some days later I went with the member of Congress whose Secretary I was to call on the President on some urgent official business.

My chief was a very absent-minded man in some respects, and in catching up the short clock then worn, on leaving home, and throwing it over his arm, he had inadvertently caught up with it a certain intimate garment of his own which happened to be on the same chair.

While he stood talking with Mr. Pierce he for the first time shifted this cloak from one arm to the other, and to my dismay this garment—an undershirt, in fact—dropped to the floor between them.

Mr. Pierce saw it, but his owner did not, and turned to depart. The President saw my look of horror and heard the expressed snort of his own Secretary behind him, but only the faintest flicker of a smile flashed across his face, and as the gentleman—quite as courteously as himself—was in the act of turning he caught up the ridiculous stray, twirled it with a deft movement into a wad, so to speak, and passed it, unseen by its owner, to me as he moved partly between us and bowed us both out of the room with grave, urbane, unflinching courtesy.

A LOVE-FLOWER SONG.

It's love that makes the star beam in the darkest, stormiest night; And love that leads the lilies to the blossoming of light; And love that weaves the mystery of all the red and white Of the roses in the gardens of my dearie!

It's love that leads the songbird to the haven of its nest; And love that brings the dew down to the violet's lowly breast; And love that makes the flowers in the sweetest and the best In the gardens that are blooming for my dearie!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

No. 1.—"The second time I saw him I was engaged to him." No. 2.—"What caused the delay?"—Life.

"What is 'dolce far niente?'" "Well—in its finest phase, it is sitting perfectly still and watching somebody else work."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Benham.—"The doctor says that mother can't live." Benham.—"Well, don't be too hopeful about it. These doctors often make mistakes." Judge.

Frank.—"Some genius in Birmingham has invented a buttonless shirt." Billy.—"Why, that's old. I've worn those ever since my wife learned to ride a bike."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Watts.—"You must find this out-of-door life rather pleasant." Woary Watkins.—"Oh, the out-of-door part of it is all right; it is the out-of-grub end of it I don't like."—Indianapolis Journal.

First Lady.—"There goes young Mrs. Pedigree. I suppose she bores people to death telling the bright things her little boy says?" Second Lady.—"Oh, no; fortunately he says such dreadful things they can't repeat them."—Tit-Bits.

Bob.—"I don't see much use in my studying Greek." His Father.—"Why not, my son?" Bob.—"According to all accounts, there ain't a-going to be any Greeks after a while. I think I'll study Turkish."—Harper's Round Table.

Sprocket.—"I understand that Uncle has taken to riding the wheel." Handel Barra.—"Yes, and he is wonderfully expert. Every time he is out he discovers two or three entirely new ways of dismounting."—Boston Transcript.

It is an awfully wise young man, to have seen no more than twenty-three summers." "He may have seen but twenty-three summers, but the number of summer girls he has met runs up to the hundreds."—Indianapolis Journal.

Impossible.—"See here. That horse you sold me runs away, kicks, bites, strikes and tries to tear down the stable at night. You told me that if I got him once I wouldn't part with him for \$1000." "Well, you won't."—Detroit Free Press.

"You speak of your colleagues having a mercurial temperament," said one statesman. "Yes," replied the other, as he wiped his perspiring brow, "the great trouble about him is that you can't keep him down."—Washington Star.

Englishman.—"Some of our English girls are quite expert with the gun, don't you know. Lady Eva Wyndham shot six man-eating tigers in India." American Girl.—"If they were eating nice men she did just right."—New York Weekly.

"Why," said the patriot, "the United States would have a picnic with Japan if she objected to our annexation of the Hawaiian Islands." "Of course," echoed Joe Coss, "and the islands would furnish the sandwiches."—Philadelphia North American.

Mrs. Meddley.—"Your husband has turned out to be such a bad man that I suppose you will never marry again?" Widow Woods.—"Well, I won't go so far as that; but I will say that if I ever should marry again, it will be with another man."—Boston Transcript.

"Do I understand you to say, prisoner, that you knocked him down because he called you a dirty liar?" "Yes, your Honor. I couldn't stand it. If there is one thing I have always prided myself on more than anything else it is my cleanliness."—Chicago Tribune.

Dusty Rhodes.—"Say, Boss! Can you help a poor man just out o' a Cuban prison?" Mr. Touché.—"Ain't you the same man that stopped me yesterday as a sufferer from the Mississippi?" "Dusty Rhodes." "Yes, sir; I'm having an awful row o' hard luck."—Truth.

Her Sole Qualification: Mrs. Bagrox.—"Tell me, professor, will my daughter ever become a great pianist?" Herr Vogleschnitzel.—"I cannot tell." "But, has she none of the qualifications necessary for a good musician?" "Ach! Yah, matam; she has two hands."—Puck.

"Are you aware," said the garrulous boarder, "that oxalid soap was the invention of the French refugees, who used to beg the oxalids because they had no money to buy soap-bones?" "In other words," said the Cheerful Idiot, "they were reduced to the last extremity."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Did you see the account of the new submarine boat?" "Yes; but I didn't read it. It doesn't interest me, you know." "It certainly indicates extraordinary progress." "Of course; but in the wrong direction. Enough boats go down now. What I want to see is one that is guaranteed to stay up."—Chicago Evening Post.

"What is an average?" asked the teacher. The class seemed to be puzzled, but a little girl held out her hand eagerly. "Please, it's what a hen lays her eggs on." Bewilderment followed, but the note was justified by the lesson-book, in which was written: "The hen lays two hundred eggs a year on an average."—Household Words.